THE
Lancashire Sham-Plot.

To the Tune of, A SMITH.

PRojecting and *Plotting* for the Publick Good,
Is now a good Trade if well understood,
As appears in a late Inquisition for *Blood*,
Which no body can deny. *Which*, &c.

I have read of a *Brewer* a great Undertaker,
And of *Perjur'd T. O.* that famous Plot-maker,
But he and the Brewer's out-done by a **Baker**,
Which, &c.

This **Baker** by some is call'd honest *Harry*,
Yet in *London* some think he will not long tarry,
'Cause something of late in his hands did miscarry,
Which, &c.

His Friend **Aaron Smith** the Story can tell,
And what bad Misfortune to them both befell
In *Manchester* Town, which is known very well,
Which, &c.

You can't but have heard of a damn'd Horrid *Plot*,
To bring in the King and the Lord God knows what,
Lately *Bak'd* in an Oven, and came out piping hot,
Which, &c.

This **Plot** was well guarded by Men of Renown,
And safely brought up to be try'd here in Town;
But by Judge *H——ts* Advice 'twas again carry'd down,
Which, &c.

For something was whisper'd to him in his Ear,
That he plainly refus'd in the Cause to appear,
And that was the Reason it was not try'd here,
Which, &c.

But yet try'd it was, and that for good Reason,
Thirty Thousand a Year may be guilty of Treason,
And **Plots** in this Reign are always in Season,
Which, &c.

To prove this damn'd Sham one, there's some did Swear
That had it not been for a good honest Jury, [purely,
No Man of Estate had been safe I'll assure ye,
Which, &c.

For Honest Mens Fears did daily increase,
use the *Witnesses* they were all of a Piece,
Who, like *Thieves*, wou'd kill the poor Sheep for the Fleece,
Which, &c.

But the Innocent Prisoners in their own defence,
Foul horrid Things prov'd 'gainst the King's Evidence,
Which some was committed to Prison for hence,
Which, &c.

Such a black piece of Villany ne'er was detected
Since his *Highness P. O.* our *King* was Elected,
But *Providence* brought both to pass unexpected,
Which, &c.

In short, when the Matter on both sides were heard,
Against **Aaron's Tribe** such damn'd things appear'd,
That with loud Acclamations the Prisoners were Clear'd,
Which, &c.

Yet it won't be amiss to give you a Hint
Of this Cursed **Sham-Plot**, and what by it was meant,
And of those of great Note that had a hand in't,
Which, &c.

This *Serpentine Monster* was first hatch'd in Hell,
And nourish'd by some that I know very well;
But I dare not speak out, nor all the Truth tell,
Which, &c.

But this I'll affirm, and if need I can Swear
We've had a **Sham-Plot** at the least once a Year,
And tell one does take, they'll go on till I tear,
Which, &c.

Yet no Man can say but the last was well laid,
And *Brereton*, *Wilson*, and *Lunt* were well paid,
And encourag'd with Gold to set up their Trade,
Which, &c.

Whose Trade was to *Swear*, *Shuffle*, *Lie*, and *Dissemble*,
All Honest Men Hang, and others Inslave,
And God, Truth and Justice, defy and out-brave,
Which, &c.

And being all Arrests of their Profession,
In spite to Religion they made this Confession,
That all Men has Right that gets into Possession,
Which, &c.

In order to that the Estates of some Men
Were design'd to be Seiz'd, but failing, they then
Swore Treason against 'em, the place where and when,
Which, &c.

But before that was done they met and agreed
To make all the Rank Rich *Jacobites* bleed,
And Warrants were sign'd to that purpose with speed,
Which, &c.

Those that were to Act in this mad *Bloody* Freak,
That they might be perfect and not be to seek,
Did practise their Parts and Rehearse twice a Week,
Which, &c.

At the Sign of the **Trencher** in **Plot** *Office-Court*,
Where *Blackhead*, *Young*, *Fuller*, and *Lunt* did resort,
A **Plot** was Trump up to make 'em some Sport,
Which, &c.

And then like a *Hare*, by a Pack of *Blood-Hounds*,
She was hunted and chas'd thro' Cities and Towns,
Yet she did get off clear without *Blood* or *wounds*,
which, &c.

Give the Devil his due they did give her Law,
Not doubting she cou'd e'er escape the *Tyke's* Paw;
But they were all dull *whelps*, not one worth a straw,
which, &c.

The **Cats** having lost both the Sight and the Scent
Of the Game they pursu'd, and being quite spent,
They hung down their Ears all along as they went,
which, &c.

Being quite disappointed of seizing their Prey,
The Hunts-men and Hounds, as I have heard say,
Like the *Dutch-men* at *Landen*, did all run away,
which, &c.

Thus happily ended that *Bloody* Contest,
And by what is hear said you may guess at the rest,
For a Word to the Wise was always thought best,
Which no body can deny. *Which*, &c.

FINIS.